163

PAIN and PATIENCE.

A

POEM.

[Price Six-pence.]

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PAIN *and* PATIENCE.

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A

POEM.

By R. DODSLEY.

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LONDON: PRINTED
For R. DODSLEY at *Tully*'s Head in *Pall-mall*;
And sold by M. COOPER in *Pater-noster-Row*.

MDCCXLII.

MUSEUM BRITISH

D^R. R^D DODSLEY

PLEASURE

AND

PATIENCE.

TO

Dr. SHAW,

AS a publick Teſtimony of Gratitude for the Happineſs of being relieved from intolerable Pain and a tedious Confinement, and reſtored to Eaſe and the Uſe of my Limbs; this little Poem is moſt humbly preſented by his

Moſt Obliged

and Obedient

Humble Servant,

R. DODSLEY.

TO

DR. SHAW,

A public Testimony of Gratitude for the Happiness of being relieved from intolerable Pain and a tedious Confinement, and restored to Health and the Use of my Limbs; this little Poem is most humbly presented by his

Most Obliged

and Obedient

Humble Servant,

R. DODSLEY.

PAIN and *PATIENCE.*

A

POEM.

I.

TO ſcourge the Riot and intemperate Luſt,
Or check the ſelf-ſufficient Pride of Man,
Offended Heaven ſent forth, in Vengeance juſt,
The dire inexorable Fury, PAIN;
Beneath whoſe griping Hand, when ſhe aſſails,
The firmeſt Spirits ſink, the ſtrongeſt Reaſoning fails.

II.

II.

Near to the Confines of th' infernal Den,
Deep in a hollow Cave's profound Receſs,
Her Court ſhe holds; and to the Sons of Men
Sends out the Miniſters of dire Diſtreſs:
Repentance, Shame, Deſpair, each acts her Part;
Whets the vindictive Steel, and aggravates the Smart.

III.

He whoſe luxurious Palate daily rang'd
Earth, Air, and Ocean, to ſupply his Board;
And to high-reliſh'd Poiſons madly chang'd
The wholſome Gifts of Nature's bounteous Lord;
Shall find ſick nauſeous Surfeit taint his Blood;
And his abus'd pall'd Stomach loath the daintieſt Food.

IV.

The midnight Reveller's intemperate Bowl,
To Rage and Riot, fires his furious Brain;
Remorſe enſues, and Agony of Soul,
His future Life condemn'd to ceaſeleſs Pain:
Gout, Fever, Stone, to Madneſs heighten Grief;
And Temperance, call'd too late, affords him no Relief.

V.

He whoſe hot Blood excites to dangerous Joy,
And headlong drives to ſeek the lewd Embrace,
Startled at length, ſhall in his Face deſcry
The Mark indelible of foul Diſgrace:
Ulcers obſcene corrode his akeing Bones;
And his high Raptures change to deep-felt Sighs and Groans.

VI.

The wild Extravagant, whoſe thoughtleſs Hand,
With laviſh taſteleſs Pride, commits Expence;
Ruin'd, perceives his waining Age demand
Sad Reparation for his Youth's Offence:
Upbraiding Riot points to Follies paſt,
Preſenting hollow Want, fit Succeſſor to Waſte.

VII.

He too, whoſe high preſuming Health defies
Th' Almighty Hand of Heaven to pull him down;
Who ſlights the Care and Caution of the Wiſe,
Nor fears hot Summer's Rage, nor Winter's Frown:
Some trifling Ail ſhall ſeize this mighty Man;
Blaſt all his boaſted Strength, rack every Nerve with Pain.

VIII.

Thus Nature's God inflicts, by Nature's Law,
On every Crime its proper Puniſhment;
Creating Pain to keep Mankind in awe,
And Moral Ills by Phyſical prevent:
In Wrath ſtill gracious; claiming ſtill our Praiſe,
Ev'n in thoſe very Groans our Chaſtiſements ſhall raiſe.

IX.

But leſt the feeble Heart of ſuffering Man
Too low ſhould ſink beneath the keen Diſtreſs;
Leſt fell Deſpair, in League with cruel Pain,
Should drive him deſperate in their wild Exceſs;
Kind HOPE her Daughter PATIENCE ſent from high,
To eaſe the labouring Breaſt, and wipe the trickling Eye.

X.

Hail, mild Divinity! calm PATIENCE, hail!
Soft-handed, meek-ey'd Maid, yet whoſe firm Breath
And ſtrong perſwaſive Eloquence prevail
Againſt the Rage of Pain, the Fear of Death:
Come, lenient Beauty, ſpread thy healing Wing,
And ſmooth my reſtleſs Couch, whilſt I thy Praiſes ſing.

XI.

In all this toilſome Round of weary Life,
Where Dulneſs teazes, or pert Noiſe aſſails;
Where trifling Follies end in ſerious Strife,
And Money purchaſes where Merit fails;
What honeſt Spirit would not riſe in Rage,
If Patience lent not Aid his Paſſion to aſſwage?

XII.

No State of Life but muſt to Patience bow:
The Tradeſman muſt have Patience for his Bill;
He muſt have Patience who to Law will go,
And ſhould he loſe his Right, more Patience ſtill.
Yea, to prevent or heal full many a Strife,
How oft, how long muſt Man have Patience with his Wife!

XIII.

But Heav'n grant Patience to the wretched Wight,
Whom Pills, and Draughts, and Boluſſes aſſail!
Which he muſt ſwallow down with all his Might:
Ev'n then when Health, and Strength, and Spirits fail.
Dear Doctors, find ſome gentler Ways to kill;
Lighten this Load of Drugs, contract yon Length of Bill.

XIV.

When the dull, prating, loud, long-winded Dame,
Her tedious, vague, unmeaning Tale repeats;
Perplex'd and wand'ring round and round her Theme,
Till loſt and puzzled, ſhe all Theme forgets;
Yet ſtill talks on with unabating Speed;
Good Gods! who hears her out, muſt Patience have indeed.

XV.

So when ſome grave, deep-learned, ſound Divine
Aſcends the Pulpit, and unfolds his Text;
Dark and more dark grows what he would define,
And every Sentence more and more perplext;
Yet ſtill he blunders on the ſame blind Courſe,
Teaching his weary'd Hearers Patience upon Force.

XVI.

Without firm Patience who could ever bear
The great Man's Levee, watching for a Smile?
Then, with a whiſper'd Promiſe in his Ear,
Wait its Accompliſhment a long, long while;
Yet thro' the Bounds of Patience if he burſt,
Daniel's long Weeks of Years may be accompliſh'd firſt.

XVII.

O Patience! Guardian of the temper'd Breaſt,
Againſt the Inſolence of Pride and Power;
Againſt the Wit's keen Sneer, the Fool's dull Jeſt;
Againſt the Boaſter's Lye, told o'er and o'er;
To Thee this tributary Lay I bring,
By whoſe firm Aid impower'd, in raging Pain I ſing.

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F I N I S.

XVI.

Without firm Patience who could ever bear
The great Man's Levee, watching for a Smile?
Then, with a whipper'd Promise in his Ear,
Wait its Accomplishment a long, long while;
Yet thro' the Bounds of Patience if he burst,
Denied's long Weeks of Years may be accomplish'd first.

XVII.

O Patience, Guardian of the tempter'd Breast,
Against the Insolence of Pride and Power;
Against the Wit's keen Sneer, the Fool's dull Jest;
Against the Bonfire's Eye, told o'er and o'er;
To Thee this tributary Lay I bring,
By whole firm Aid impower'd, in raging Pain I sing.

FINIS.

1693